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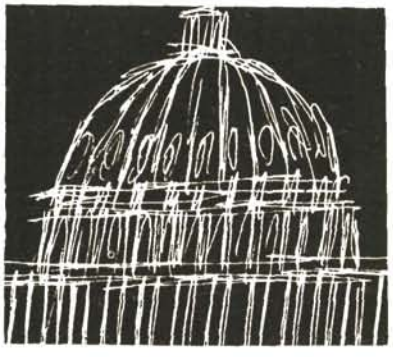
WILLIAM PFAFF *on Star-Spangled Fascism* ***JOHN DEEDY*** *on the Delmarva Dialog in Trouble* ***NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD*** *on Humphrey, Scapegoat or Vote-getter* ***PHILIP*** *and* ***RICHARD*** *Festivals, German* ***JONATHAN*** *Philip Roth's new*



T. HARTUNG CORLISS *on Film and Underground* ***BAUMBACH*** *on novel* ***DAVID BURRELL*** *reviews Brian Wicker* ***DENNIS HALE*** *on Carl Oglesby* ***DAVID CORT*** *on Hemingway, Journalist* ***ARCADI NEBOLSINE*** *on Oscar Lewis* ***RALPH WHITEHEAD*** *on the Anatomy of a Riot*

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NEWS AND VIEWS

One of the more interesting chapters in Michel de Saint Pierre's *The New Priests,* the right-wing French bestseller that strained to establish a link between Communism and Christian progressivism, occurs when a Mass sermon is interrupted by a man rising from the congregation and bidding the priest to mind his new theology.

Saint Pierre's fictional incident had its repetition a few Sundays back at Blessed Sacrament parish in Chevy Chase Circle, Washington. There "worshippers" interrupted a priest who was chiding liberals poised to correct human injustices 1,000 miles from home, but whose eyes remain shut to problems in their own community.

In the rear of the congregation, a man stood and called out: "With all respect to the Blessed Sacrament, couldn't we do without a political talk, Father." Startlement; then applause from the "worshippers."

Another rose. "Speak on the moral issue, Father," he shouted. Others cried, "speak, speak." More applause. Several stomped out.

The priest, raised in the parish and now serving in Lafayette, La., stood speechless, stumbled in recapturing his thread of thought, but managed to finish the sermon. He was preaching on the topic of fair housing!

The event might have passed quietly into local lore, but fortunately Scripps-Howard columnist Edwin Lahey, a member of the parish, was around to record the scene and advertise nationally the parish's bigotry. Lahey concluded a devastating syndicated column on the incident, thus:

"It should be noted . . . that the people in Blessed Sacrament (parish) are renowned for their piety. Nearly everyone goes to Communion.

"So about 10 minutes after the ugly moment during the sermon, the young priest was saying:

" 'Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who takes away the sins of the world.'

"And the genteel parishioners responded:

" 'Lord, I am not worthy that you should come under my roof. Speak but the word and my soul will be healed.'

"The priest then distributed Communion to friend and foe alike."

•

Despite alleged censorship relaxations, free speech remains an ideal rather than a working principle in Spain. E.g., from *Pueblo,* organ of official "unionism" in Spain:

"The Tribunal of Public Order has passed sentence in the case against the priest Ignacio Aspiazu Olaizola for the crime of circulating false news.

"The judges declared in the juridical text that Fr. Aspiazu had published outside the country a pamphlet entitled 'An Attempt at Dialogue Concerning Post-conciliar Applications in the Spanish State,' which constitutes a strong diatribe against the episcopate and which was introduced into Spain last July.

"The magistrates condemned the accused to six years and one day of prison and a fine of 25,000 pesetas, penalties imposed in contumacy, since the present stopping place of Fr. Aspiazu is not known."

Which helps explain why the pseudonym is used so commonly by Spanish writers.

•

A Philadelphian reeling under red hat hoopla offers the following from the July 7 *Catholic Standard & Times* as a classic combination of triumphalism and Romanitá:

"For all his enthusiastic participation in the Roman ceremonies and for deference shown him by Church and civic leaders alike, it might have been Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia who became a cardinal in Rome.

"In his distinctive purple cassock, Bishop Corson was viewed by many native Romans as a new type of addition to the hierarchy.

" 'Who is he?' one lady asked a Philadelphia priest.

" 'He's a Methodist bishop,' the priest replied.

"When the lady looked puzzled at the unfamiliar term, 'Methodist,' the priest reflected for a moment on Bishop Corson's activity in the World Council of Churches and his former office as president of the Methodist World Council—and he said to the lady, 'He's like the Protestant pope.'

"The lady smiled in comprehension and looked with reverential awe at Bishop Corson, judging that the time was inopportune to attempt to kiss his ring.

"Another Roman . . . asked another Philadelphia priest about 'the kind bishop with the purple vest.'

" 'He's a Methodist bishop,' the priest replied, 'and he's come to see the Archbishop of Philadelphia made a cardinal.'

" 'Is he a cardinal?' the musician asked, looking in the direction of Bishop Corson.

" 'Not yet,' the priest said, 'not yet.' "

•

Familiar Counsel Dept.:

Msgr. Edward Rosach, on being named Apostolic Administrator of the Byzantine Eparchy of Pittsburgh during the absence in Rome (for reasons still to be officially clarified) of Bishop Nicholas Elko:

"Articles published recently in both secular and Catholic newspapers have been the cause, though unwittingly, surely, of much confusion and apprehension regarding both the Bishop (Elko) and the priests of this diocese . . . It is my prayer and I am sure yours that the communications media will soon return its attention to matters of national and civic importance."

•

Finally, from correspondence from a judge in the Catholic Press Association's annual awards competition: "Again this year, as I finished judging the CPA 'public service' awards, I was alarmed that so much of the material submitted to the competition in the name of public service was nothing more than straight news coverage or outright propaganda."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Elko Saluted

Spenard, Alaska

To the Editors: We had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Elko ("The Elko Fiasco" June 23) on his recent visit to Alaska, and hear him preach and talk of the Council. He impressed us as a sincere Christian, and the first churchman we have heard speak who showed an understanding of the Council and its message, and the interest in stimulating church knowledge in others. Even accepting the fact that, like virtually all American bishops, he is basically conservative, it is impossible for us to believe that his conservatism is responsible for his trouble with the Church. Comparing him with men like Cardinal McIntyre, Cardinal Krol and, in fact, Archbishop Ryan of Anchorage, he appeared to be a true liberal.

Like you we agree that the silence of the authorities is most shocking, and it would be thought most harmful for the Church. All we know now is that something is wrong, and it may not be Bishop Elko. The whole affair has the air of "palace politics."

DOROTHY AWES HAALAND

Neuhaus Spanked

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: I wish to commend you for your issue devoted to abortion (June 30). The articles contributed were intelligent, cogent statements which integrated high-level theological and philosophical thinking with matters of public policy and medical findings. . . . The problem and attempts to deal with it will not submit to pat solutions; legal reform is no panacea for the moral and psychological ramifications of abortion.

There are however, some points I would take contention with. Rev. Neuhaus ("The Dangerous Assumptions") has seriously misinterpreted or, deliberately misrepresented, the findings from several studies conducted by professional sociologists. His statements to the ef-

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RIOTS AND ROOT CAUSES

The nation's cities reap in violence the neglect of decades, and at long last a sense of urgency surges over America on the matter of race relations. The situation is critical. The long-suffering Negro will suffer no more; nor will he be content with the measured equality extended, patronizingly almost, to him the past few years. The Negro has had his fill; he is ready for revolution. And white America finally wakes up.

No one condones violence, but it is impossible to condemn the Negro out of hand for adopting violent tactics. Experience has proved to him that the quickest and, in some instances, the only way to get better jobs, better schools, better housing, better anything is to make "Whitey" sweat. "Whitey" will give out of fear what he denies out of prejudice, surface or latent. The Negro sees this and it gives confidence to him in his loss of cool.

The astonishing thing is that the Negro kept his cool as long as he did in the face of the legislative travesties and neighborhood brutalities systematically dealt him, even into the hot summer of 1967. The emasculation of the Poverty Program; the handing of economic plums to communities with no fair housing provisions, like Weston, Ill.; the laughing out of Congress of a bill to rid slums of rats, and the hustling through of an anti-riot bill plainly aimed at curbing Negro civil rights activity—these take their toll on the equilibrium of a put-upon people and drive them to extremes in which they themselves are the immediate and heaviest sufferers, in terms of both property and blood.

The riots of the past several weeks are sad beyond words, but they have had the important effect of producing a Special Presidential Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders to probe the root causes of Negro unrest. One greets creation of the Commission with a sense of relief that the country finally intends a deep, conscientious look into the frustrations of its Negro citizens. Yet at the same time worry creeps in over the Commission's orientation and some of its focuses. It would be reassuring if the Commission were balanced to include among its members aggressive Negro leaders who, like them or not, today enjoy enormously greater influence among Negroes

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than do the Commission's two Negroes, Senator Brooke and Roy Wilkins. Likewise, it would help if there were less theorizing about conspiracy and less invoking of the FBI as the Commission's key cooperating agency. This talk only feeds suspicions of skeptics who allege the Commission report will do no more than reflect popular bureaucratic preconceptions.

It would be a calamity if the report did this, but it seems an unlikely prospect. The Commission is approaching its task with an open-mindedness that is promising. It is essential, however, that this open-mindedness lead the Commission to look not only at the Negro, but the white as well. The root causes of Negro unrest are more than material; they involve the attitudes of whites. The nation could correct tomorrow all the injustices to the Negro in terms of employment and housing and education, and still be left with a major problem of race relations. For if the heart and the mind of the average white American are not touched, then all things else are stop-gap measures. The white American's total acceptance of the Negro as a brother citizen is a prerequisite to harmonious relations between races in America. The Commission must probe this fact and articulate it clearly and convincingly. This adds a philosophical dimension to its task, but if it avoids it, the Commission may end up giving the nation merely a blueprint for an affluent ghetto. This would be as good as nothing.

CLEMENCY

The horrors of Vietnam, the scars of the Middle East war, the news of poison gas employed in Yemen, the anonymous victims of tyranny and misery throughout the world make us pause before we would condemn the international kidnapping, the irregular trial, the dubious extradition process, and the threatened execution of Moise Tshombe. Why Tshombe? The African leader has been willing to exploit the Congo's troubles for personal gain; he was not known for mercy towards *his* political adversaries; and many Africans believe that the death of Patrice Lumumba rests on Tshombe's shoulders.

Why Tshombe? The question should be widened. Why anyone? Why protest the treatment of Régis Debray, the young French Castroite intellectual, awaiting trial and possibly execution in Bolivia? Why protest the mysterious removal of South Korean students from West Germany and their sudden return to Korea? Why center concern on this or that individual when so many are suffering? And why play favorites? Some intellectuals seem to specialize in protesting Communist miscarriages of justice, some do sentry-duty only over the West. The Pope intercedes on behalf of Debray (who comes from a distinguished Catholic family). Cardinal Spellman intercedes for Tshombe.

The answers to such questions can only be found in that network of human relationships which links the destinies of all men. We must begin somewhere—or everywhere. What happened to Tshombe, as his lawyer has pointed out, could happen to Svetlana Alliluyeva. His treatment, like the use of gas in Yemen, is another crack in the feeble structure of international procedures.

The United States has asked clemency for Tshombe. The request should be honored, although it is difficult to see how either Algeria's Boumediene or the Congo's Mobutu can extricate themselves from the course of events. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of this disturbing intrigue is the possibility that the U.S.'s plea for mercy may be pure hypocrisy. There is considerable evidence that the C.I.A., which has backed Mobutu with men and advice for over five years, authored the entire operation. Maybe pleas for clemency should be directed to Washington.

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BICKERING OVER RENEWAL

DIALOG—BUT BLANDLY

Wilmington

It has been difficult the past several weeks to pick up a diocesan newspaper without encountering a new chapter in the controversy involving the *Delmarva Dialog*, its editor John A. O'Connor and Wilmington's Bishop Michael W. Hyle. Like other Catholic Press "thrillers," this one has tended to become wearying; indeed, it would have turned into the predictable bore if the stories making print reflected totally the tensions that existed. On the surface, the pattern was familiar: bickering over finances, argument over the paper's content and emphases, and finally rupture between freedom and authority. It had all happened before. One could read the first paragraph of the first story out of Wilmington and pretty much plot the development of events.

But the Wilmington controversy departed in three essential respects from standard scripts: first, the newspaper contention was symptomatic of tensions that ran much deeper and that involved not merely the paper, but much of the Vatican II renewal process in the diocese; second, instead of fading gracefully out of diocesan history, the lay editor elected to stand his ground against the clerical power play; third, a group of laymen and a group of priests, each spontaneously and independently of the other, rallied 'round the paper, determined to fight the compromise in renewal which they saw presaged by

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the squeezing out of O'Connor and the reorientation of the *Dialog* toward blandness.

What followed was not always edifying. Bishop Hyle, though veering a bit from his original proposition that the only problem in communications within the Wilmington diocese was the dollar solvency of the *Dialog*, got hung up on a rationalization that led to his reproval by two of Wilmington's most respected citizens (Bishop Hyle was charged with "lack of episcopal candor," "lack of episcopal courage" and "lack of charity"). Sermons were hurled from pulpits that would have arrested polite dinner conversation ("garbage," one priest called the *Dialog*). Letters were fired off that bordered on the actionable (one monsignor, citing names from the *Dialog*, termed Fr. DuBay "unbalanced," Charles Davis a "dishonest traitor" and Fr. Francoeur's writings "heretical"). O'Connor, meanwhile, declared editorially that he "could no longer lend (his) confidence to the local church authorities in matters of the press."

A priest-observer remarked: "If Russia's Kosygin decided to zero in on the Wilmington diocese and undermine the progress the Church has made here in the last several years, he could not come up with a more effective plan than the events that have taken place here since May. The confidence and hopes of the renewal priests and many of the involved laity have been utterly destroyed."

It was over the long Memorial Day weekend that the lid blew off the *Dialog* controversy. A series of meetings produced happening upon happening: the paper's board renewed O'Connor's contract over the objections of Bishop Hyle, his vicar general and his chancellor; Bishop Hyle, piqued, asked the resignation of the board's finance committee; he received those resignations, five more and O'Connor's as editor, effective December 1. Public statement piled on one another. Some 150 laymen organized under the name Association of Laity for *Dialog* (ALD). A delegation of priests (representing a minority clerical viewpoint, to be sure) went to Bishop Hyle, told him they did not think what he had done was honest, told him he had made a mistake, and asked him to alter his position. They got nowhere.

It was Bishop Hyle's determination to fight the issue through on the financial question, without conceding that O'Connor's liberal policies were a factor, that distorted the controversy and led inevitably to the recriminations. Unquestionably the *Dialog* is an expensive item (again, all good newspapers are), and unquestionably finances are a major part of the paper's problems. But finances are not an insuperable problem, nor are they the total problem, as Bishop Hyle ill-advisedly sought to convince people. The most naive nun in the most remote diocesan convent knew that if the two-year-old *Dialog* had troubles, they had to center first around O'Connor's editorship, then around other questions, such as finances.

O'Connor is a liberal and he wears his liberalism brashly. Wilmington is politically, culturally and ecclesiastically conservative. A clash was as sure as DuPont's quarterly dividend, and it came. O'Connor's choice of John Leo as a columnist (succeeded now by John Cogley) was an irritant, confirming for many O'Connor's alleged disrespect for authority and bolstering the notion that the *Dialog* was a junior *National Catholic Reporter*. Irritants, likewise, were stories that O'Connor printed on the problems of the priesthood, birth control and opposition to the war in Vietnam.

It is interesting to note that, except for the peace issue, O'Connor did not editorialize on the topics that brought on him a reputation of disrespect for the magisterium and preoccupation with questions of sex. But in Wilmington, as elsewhere these days in the diocesan press, it is not necessary to take editorial positions in order for points of view to be ascribed to an editor; all he has to do is print sensitive news stories and he wins a categorization. So it was with O'Connor.

Nor did it help that O'Connor made readers wonder about traditional opinions, that he made readers think. In the diocesan press, such a talent frequently proves a liability. Certainly it did in Wilmington, particularly among the majority clergy who prefer the special tone of American Catholicism and wish not to be disturbed by the realities of certain new trends in Church life. Evidence that this head-in-sand mentality had now taken over bishop and chancery shook Wilmington progressives; ultimately it was what prompted laymen to organize and open-minded priests to visit Bishop Hyle in an attempt to dissuade him from dumping O'Connor and shuttering up the *Dialog*.

Hopes of their saving the situation were doomed from the start. Bishop Hyle promised continuance of the paper, but O'Connor was not to be part of his plans. Complicating the case was the bishop's mindset against acknowledging to the Catholic public the full reasons why he was separating the diocese from O'Connor. The closest he came to facing the issue of O'Connor's liberal editorship was in pinning the financial plight of the paper on O'Connor's failure to gain public acceptability for the *Dialog*: "With . . . a lack of enthusiasm for the paper on the part of the people it was to serve, is it any wonder that advertisers also failed to find in it a profitable medium?" The obliqueness galled not a few.

Meanwhile, the Catholic Press Association attempted to mediate the affair, and the Institute for Freedom in the Church appealed on O'Connor's behalf. They had no more success than the Wilmington lay and clergy groups. Bishop Hyle was adamant. The majority of his priests were set against O'Connor and the *Dialog*, and Bishop Hyle became convinced that the editor and the paper were driving a wedge between him and his priests. O'Connor had to go—and perhaps *is gone* by the time this article is in print. Lines had so hardened by the third week in July and feelings become so strained that

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it seemed the slightest of new tensions would bring Bishop Hyle to pick up O'Connor's contract, pay him off for the period remaining, and struggle along with a pro-tem managing editor while matters cooled off.

The *Dialog* controversy heated tempers tremendously in Wilmington, but throughout the tension Bishop Hyle maintained a stoicism. He must have been deeply annoyed by the *Dialog*'s careful coverage of the events, and the columns of pro-*Dialog,* anti-Hyle letters that ran week after week must have upset him. However, Bishop Hyle did not move to censor the *Dialog*—or at least he had not when this was written. He did, though, act to make clear that the break was complete between himself and the O'Connor *Dialog.* This came when he answered the challenge to his candor, courage and charity through a full-page advertisement, purchased out of his own funds, and placed in the *Dialog* at deadline time (thus protecting against an analytical news story or editorial rejoinder in the same issue). The tactic cost $414, but it spoke volumes about his feeling toward his diocesan newspaper. Bishops are not in the habit of buying space in their own papers.

That advertisement was Bishop Hyle's response to a "white paper" issued by the two laymen who were members of the *Dialog*'s finance committee. The ad was an effective response, but many felt it did not offset the impact of the "white paper" itself—not only because the "white paper" devastated the bishop's logic and procedure, but also because it carried the signatures of two Catholics no less respected in the Wilmington area than the bishop himself. The two were Edward J. Goett, president of Atlas Chemical Industries, and Frank A. Gunnip, manager and senior partner of a prominent Wilmington accounting firm. Charges made by these men could not be dismissed as the rantings of crackpots; the two are pillars of the community. In fact, Goett has been referred to for years as Wilmington's "lay bishop," and Gunnip's name is invoked in only slightly less awe. When laymen of their stature accuse a bishop of indulging in contrivance and pretense to solve a problem, the community buzzes. Wilmington is still reeling under the shock of their charges, and so must be many Church officials.

The *Dialog* controversy will not be easily or soon forgotten in Wilmington. Even so, almost everyone is anxious to begin picking up the pieces. Damage is widespread and there are many permanent wounds—to precious friendships, to clergy-lay relationships, to lay confidence in Bishop Hyle. Russell McBride of the laity association spoke to the latter point: "There'll be a lasting distrust as to whether or not the bishop is really committed to bringing about renewal and providing leadership in the face of any opposition from his pastors."

ALD leaders recently dissolved their organization when it became apparent that O'Connor could not be saved as editor of the *Dialog*, but it is more than likely that it will find a future existence as a Wilmington Association of Laymen. In fact, McBride said weeks ago that it would have moved in that direction then, "except we don't want to cloud the *Dialog* issue." The priests' group which came together around the *Dialog* also may find a new life. As discouraged as are the laity by their inability to register their point with Bishop Hyle, these priests are now talking seriously of forming an independent association of priests.

So far as the *Dialog* office is concerned, there are wounds not only to O'Connor, but to the hopes of the paper's three editorial staff members, all young, bright and, until now, anxious to make the Catholic press their future. The three—Mary Salazar, 33; Robert Keller, 25; Agostino Bono, 24—are a deeply discouraged group. Bono, a graduate of Marquette School of Journalism, came to the *Dialog* from the *Register of Southwestern Indiana* in Evansville. A *Register* censorship experience had left a bad taste for the Catholic press in his mouth, but in Wilmington Bono found a home working for a paper which was "open" and which, in his words, "turned away from ghetto Catholicism." Now, he says, he is "more than likely finished with the diocesan press." Keller is unsure also. He arrived at the *Dialog* after two years at the Baltimore *Review*. "I had a goal set for myself of being an editor by the time I was 30," Keller comments. "Now I suspect I'm getting out. If the *Dialog* doesn't work, nothing in the diocesan press will." Mary Salazar, with over three years at the San Francisco *Monitor* and two at the *Dialog*, echoes Keller: "If this isn't workable, what is? I'm not so sure I believe in the diocesan press any more."

There are many unfortunate aspects to the Wilmington controversy, but none may be greater than that involving the three *Dialog* staffers. At a moment of history when Catholics by the drove, particularly the young and the bright, are fleeing the institution, here are three lay persons anxious to accept the institution and work professionally within its structures. They are the type of laity the Church professes to want, and they are precisely the type that the Church alienates by its inability to disengage itself from tired modes and timid concepts.

One has total sympathy for John O'Connor, but O'Connor, is agile and will land on his feet. One worries more about the younger co-workers. O'Connor at 45 has been through the mill. He is a realist and can understand all that has taken place in Wilmington. The younger persons may not—or, worse still, may understand and decide that the business of the institution just isn't worth struggling with. And because the *Dialog* controversy has been publicized across the country, injury to youthful idealism may extend to many more besides Mary Salazar, Bob Keller and Gus Bono.

If so, then more has gone up in smoke in Wilmington than a bishop's credibility, an editor's job, $500,000, and an exciting adventure in post-conciliar journalism.

JOHN DEEDY

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

STAR-SPANGLED FASCISM

It is 30 years ago this summer that the Fascist states allied themselves and world war was foreshadowed. Thirty years ago Italy adhered to the anti-Comintern pact and the Axis came into formal existence. Ethiopia had already been annexed to the Italian Empire; the Rhineland had been occupied by Germany; Nazi demands were disintegrating the Austrian state; the Spanish civil war was a year old. In July of 1937 a decade of Sino-Japanese struggle became an undeclared war.

Yet today it must seem incomprehensibly remote; the scale—huge as the second world war was to become—seems miniature. Then, while events in Europe had a superficial pattern, their implications could hardly have been grasped. Fascism in Germany, Italy and Spain might be loathsome, yet this too—like Japan's violent reaction to the westernizing compromises of the Meiji and Taisho periods—seemed ultimately a matter of militarism and rightist dictatorships. But the reality, articulated at the time yet hardly grasped even by the Fascists, dwarfed politics. What the German Fascist movement was accomplishing and the others were professing was a moral revolution.

It is the moral character of what happened in Europe that explains why those years cannot quite be dismissed into history—named and charted like the ages of nationalism or exploration or industrialization. There had been a breakdown of established society, a failure of competence and confidence on the part of liberal Europe (and in Japan, of that liberal establishment which had modeled itself on liberal Europe), but the response was radical, unprecedented in scale and consequence, and—it may be—archetypical.

What happened in succession to this breakdown was a deliberate, radical repudiation by European elites of the morality professed by European civilization throughout its modern history. And to speak of European elites —government leaders and Fascist theoreticians—must not obscure the popular complicity the Fascists enjoyed. The Fascists dominated by consent. Germany, as de Gaulle remarked in his *Memoirs*, "tired of the fallen emperor, of beaten generals, of absurd politicians . . . gave herself to this unknown man-in-the-street who represented adventure, promised domination, and whose hysterical voice stirred her secret instincts." The Fascist parties there, in Italy, in Eastern Europe, were not composed simply of adventurers and the *lumpenproletariat*. Their memberships were from a third to a half middle and professional classes, and another third to a half industrial workers. Only the peasants were underrepresented in all the European Fascist parties.

Of the factors which went into the phenomenon of Fascism, two seem exceptionally interesting for what they suggest about the potentialities in our own future. First is that the intellectual and artistic elite of European society had, before the emergence of Fascism, largely repudiated the established liberalism which had dominated Europe until 1914. A movement of romantic withdrawal and condemnation of bourgeois society, its economics and its politics, had grown up throughout the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. "Mussolini's call to a stoical, austere and energetic life," Herman Finer wrote in 1935, "is almost exactly Bernard Shaw's attitude; a sovereign contempt for a civilization whose supreme achievement is the production of chocolate creams." Hostility to the waste, corruption, complacency, the triviality of bourgeois liberal society, included hostility to its political system and norms.

And what was argued as a theoretical proposition was, after 1914, given empirical warrant. Liberal governments, middle class governments of respectability and complacent chauvinism, had produced a holocaust in which the total casualties approached 25 million; and with the European stalemate broken by American intervention and the war ended, what succeeded was still more incompetence in the face of inflation, depression, mass unemployment and social dislocation, civil disorder and civil wars. Bertolt Brecht responded in 1930 by asking "What kind of depravity would you not bring about/ In order to root out depravity forever?/ . . . embrace the executioner/ But transform the world!"

Violence provided the means to this transformation. For the Fascists, their movement promised truth beyond reason and pragmatism, instinctual wisdom, the kinship of race and community, the solidarity of shared sacrifice, the liberation of action. An Italian philosopher of Fascism described it as "an anti-materialist conviction, essentially religious." But this spirit of Fascism was apparent on the Left as well, as Brecht demonstrates. A very large and important part of European society and its leadership, its best men as well as its worst, repudi-

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, Commonweal is appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 25, September 8 and September 22. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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ated that society as it existed and sought to destroy it—destroy it in order to replace it with, on the one hand, the essentially military virtues of super-organization, solidarity and sacrifice, fortified by racial and social purges, and on the other hand with the millennial accomplishment of class revolution, again a violently purged and thus revivified social order. On both sides violence was indispensible, cathartic; the objective was beyond "practical" accomplishment—it was "unreasonable" because reason had been proved impotent.

And the totalitarian state had already been invented. This is the second important point for our own time, which is still deeper into technological and "post-industrial" age than the 1930's. In the past, political fantasies had some limit in power and effect because of the limitations on human communication, organization and power. But in the first world war, societies, not armies, were in conflict, and the primitive methods of "total" war that had emerged from the French revolutionary and Napoleonic wars and our own Civil War were perfected by means of a wholly new industrial technology. Alfred Vagts, in his monumental study of militarism, remarks that the very advance of populist theories of government in the nineteenth century had created the preconditions for a new kind of war. "Even while the first world war was in progress . . . the combatants were beginning to draw on economic reserves and industrial ingenuity as never before and to study the problems of raising psychological resistance among the masses. . . . By the time peace was concluded, the outlines of a militarism more embracing in its claims and dreams than any of previous times were already known. . . . The war of 1914-1918 sucked most of the world into its whirlpool; in its turn, this war proved the inadequacy of existing forms and energies, setting the nations towards a fresh search for new potentials. Scarcely was it closed when a giant concept of military organization came forth: the society-in-arms, regimented down to the very infants, fused by consciousness of some supernatural 'race,' 'soil' or 'history,' economically and mentally mobilized, forever standing in readiness for total war."

What was happening 30 years ago was a calamitous convergence of forces. The elites of Europe had withdrawn their allegiance from "reasonable" government and irresponsibly invoked the unreasonable. They indulged a popular spirit of recourse to direct action, to violence, in the service of transcendent values and great causes—defying ordinary life in the cause of changing "everything." Liberal government itself provided the occasion for its murder by failing—failing to keep peace, failing to provide social justice. The crises succeeded one another at a time when the masses of Europe were experiencing an unprecedented uprooting from both place and social context, so that people could no longer believe in ordinary remedies. They gave themselves to those who promised extraordinary salvations. History, political life as it existed, were intolerable; history then was to be solved by transcending it, by recourse to anti-historical promises of a secular millennium.

And today it all seems so remote, so incomprehensibly naive, so unrepeatable. No doubt—we concede—this kind of thing may still be expected in the less sophisticated societies. Indeed it may be: the resemblances between the millennial spirit of Europe in the 1930s and Sukarno's Indonesia, Castro's Cuba, Mao's China, are compelling. These societies are committed to the *practice* of revolution, not its accomplishment. It is not at all clear what the accomplishment would be. What is important, of immanent value, is "revolution" itself—a permanent revolution. We talk about these societies as if they were Left—socialist or Communist—whereas the European Fascists were Right. But this is mere fashion. The essential elements are the same.

Yet put aside the Third World. The reasons for its distress, its socio-political crisis and response, are understandable enough. What about ourselves? Are we—Europeans and Americans—now invulnerable to this kind of thing? Assume that the reconstructed liberal system which has ruled our societies since World War II were again to fail. Assume economic breakdown. Or far more interesting, assume an estrangement of major population sectors from government, a failure of liberal government to sustain a "consensus" willing to concede its authority and competence to govern (Newark, Detroit, provide examples). Or imagine that representative government, even without racial or class alienation, simply demonstrates a persisting incompetence to cope with the problems of mass urban-industrial society—that, like the feudal or monarchical systems before it, it simply is outmatched by the scale and character of society's evolution. Or imagine that liberal government becomes the prisoner of assumptions about international society and international relations that prompt it into wars and crises that amount to violent attempts to resolve problems that are insoluble on liberal terms; and what began as errors of analysis or assumption becomes—through stubbornness, and human and moral investments—something close to a delusional system of national perception and action.

In short, imagine that problems which—in as yet manageable proportions—are apparent in the European nations and the United States today increase decisively in scale in the years to come. Is it unimaginable that again there might be a romantic retreat from reason, a search—by elites as well as by the troubled masses of society—for solutions which promise to short-cut the "practical" world of compromise, conciliation, persistent failures and half-successes? The liberal system could again fail. The alternative would not be called Fascism—or Communism. But the alternative could be one which sought redemptive change in man's condition through "unreasonable" measures, through—once again—the violent assault on the millennium.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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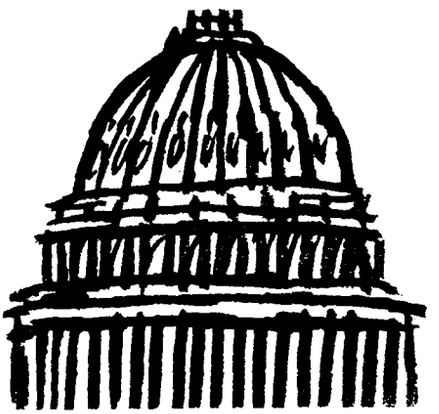
H. H. H.

Vote-getter or scapegoat?

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD



When everyone in Washington gets tired of playing What Ever Happened to George Romney?, the name of the game is Hubert Humphrey, Vote-getter or Scapegoat? It is widely accepted that Johnson's coalition has long since bit the dust. He is in trouble with Northerners, Southerners, liberals, conservatives, Negroes, farmers, labor. Only business seems to remain sympathetic. When Johnson ignored the 1966 congressional elections, after first dismantling the Democratic National Committee, and the liberals took a massive beating, countless numbers of lifelong liberal Democrats across the nation were so bitter that many still say today they would vote for Ronald Reagan or Richard Nixon before they would ever again vote for LBJ.

Vice President Humphrey's public opinion standing last November vis-à-vis Robert Kennedy for vice president was so bad that it sent his staff into a state of shock, but by April he made a dramatic comeback that gave him an even better rating than Johnson as president or Kennedy for would-be vice president. Whether this has decided Mr. Johnson that HHH can help him win the 1968 election is part of the game. It is very difficult to believe that Mr. Johnson thinks he needs saving, and there is ample evidence that he has already decided that no matter how the Vietnam war is going, he has to make it his issue and win with it. He concentrates on it more and more, and perhaps he is just giving the Vice President jobs he doesn't want to be bothered with. Certainly he has pushed Humphrey away from the war. In 1966 he sent him to Southeast Asia, and Humphrey made many flamboyant speeches supporting the war. Not this year. He rarely if ever attends the Tuesday luncheon sessions where Rusk, McNamara and Rostow talk Vietnam strategy with the President. I believe Humphrey is convinced the U.S. has a legitimate and necessary role in Vietnam, but I suspect that he would like to see it more carefully limited, perhaps by an end to the North Vietnam bombing. In any case, he rarely speaks about the war now unless he is spoken to.

There is also ample evidence, however, that Johnson is going to use Humphrey as a vote-getter as much as he can, and as a scapegoat even more. The office of Vice President of the United States, which is not even listed in the Washington phone book, is probably the only American political office where you can make the incumbent play both roles effectively at the same time.

Statutory Jobs

Other than his constitutional job of presiding over the Senate, Humphrey has two statutory jobs from Congress: chairman of the NASA advisory board and the more recent chairmanship of the new National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development. ("Every time the Congress gives the Vice President anything to do," he quipped, "it's either out of this world or at the bottom of the sea.") Humphrey has made himself knowledgeable about space, and the board meets more regularly with higher level official attendance, but the space program itself blew up with the Apollo disaster and has never really been put back together. NASA demoralization from the Apollo tragedy is unimaginable, much of its previous administrative sloppiness has come to light, and the President himself doesn't seem to have a very high priority for the program anymore. Congress has just slashed

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its budget. While the Russians buried their cosmonaut in the Kremlin Wall, astronauts Virgil Grissom and Roger Chaffee lie in Arlington Cemetery in graves so obscure as to be almost impossible to find, with the smallest headstones used in the cemetery, as though they were being hidden away. If anyone brings the space program into the 1968 campaign, Humphrey, who has only an advisory role, would make a fine scapegoat.

He has always had an interest in oceanography, and as a senator had regularly introduced legislation to increase U.S. activities in marine sciences and exploration. New at this job, he has much to learn about his watery functions. He goes through these meetings thus far only perfunctorily with a gavel and a list of recommendations handed to him. Possibility: score another one for scapegoat.

It has been said that President Johnson has put the Vice President in charge of congressional liaison to try and get the Administration program over the Hill to the statute books, but this seems rather doubtful. The Vice President knows what senators, for instance, he can talk to about some favorite legislation, but he must also presume not to interfere with the legislative branch. Since legislators consider their prerogatives and domain virtually without limits, this is pretty delicate ground. Humphrey comes in now and then to his Capitol office, but if he were really working for legislation from the Administration side, he would have to be up there pushing every day. The Administration has talked a good deal about a tax rise, but an actual policy bill has never even been introduced. (Lackadaisical or lack of policy?) It made a stiff and mystifying fight for Senator Long's bill on tax credits for presidential campaign contributions, but Humphrey took little part in it. While the President was eyeballing with Premier Kosygin at Glassboro, Humphrey was presiding in the Senate as it administered its gentle slap on the wrist of Senator Dodd. The present Congress is one of the most useless in recent history. President Johnson does not seem to care one way or the other about very much legislation, but look carefully and if the rumor about Humphrey's congressional responsibility keeps any credence at all, you can chalk up another score on the scapegoat side.

Why did President Johnson send the Vice President to Europe this spring in his stead? Because we have no European policy? Because he did not want to tarnish presidential dignity as a target of much larger riots than can be fomented in Australia or New Zealand? My own esoteric theory is that, although Johnson enjoyed going to Europe as Vice President himself, as President, paradoxically, he wishes to avoid contact directly with cultures, people and rulers who fancy themselves equal to or even superior to America and can afford to look down upon its president as a jingoistic cornball. (His presidential visits have been almost wholly to client states, weak states, underdeveloped and dependent states where there is little question who is cock of the walk. The Adenauer funeral and the UN Mideast debate provided fortuitous confrontations of the other kind.) In any case, Humphrey was sent to sell East-West cooperation, the nonproliferation treaty and the Kennedy Round of tariff reductions. He was very well received, but as these events take place, who will remember to give him a little credit? His public image at home was much enhanced, however, and probably helped make him a better vote-getter.

Johnson handed Humphrey a special role coordinating and implementing federal activities in the civil rights and poverty areas. He was also named chairman of the President's Council on Youth Opportunity, a relatively new creation. These three jobs merged, as it were, into Humphrey's desperate peroration warning city officials that they would be engulfed in riots all summer if they did not provide jobs, recreation and meaningful activities for their poor. "Sometimes I wonder how we've come these many years without more outbursts born of frustration," he said with 1967 scarcely begun. Don't cut back on domestic programs, he pleaded. Tax ourselves more to have enough money for both national and international programs. We must have 1.2 million summer jobs for young people, he said. Don't lock up the school libraries in the summer. Keep the school gyms open. Light up the playgrounds so they don't have to close at sunset. Teach young people to serve others. Remember—"each young person is in a sense a social experiment—a chance to break the old pattern." Hire our young people as hospital aides, technical assistants in community action programs, organizers of playstreets and day camps, tutors and story-hour readers, chaperones to take children to medical clinics for checkups, or for sightseeing. If you want to help, Humphrey told his listeners, just write to me and we'll tell you what you can do in your community. Mayors get in touch with his office generally, but lately he's had lots of mail from kids asking him for jobs.

Too Little Too Late

His major aim is to have a year-round youth program. But even the summer program seems too little too late. Only $600 million has been available from the federal government for all this work and it had to be channeled through perhaps a dozen organizations. Local apathy from officials and employers this year was positively cloying. In Cincinnati, for instance, it was said that just 2,000 summer jobs would have forestalled the riots that tore up the city. Even in Washington with its special federal government job programs for the summer, several thousand more jobs were needed. Who will get the blame for being unable to solve poverty and unemployment and racial unrest this summer?

The Vice President has zeroed in personally on the District of Columbia. Talking to a group of Washington businessmen recently, he said, "I'm not telling you what

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to do, but you go up to the Metropolitan Club and spend more on drinks in an hour than it takes to send a kid to camp for two weeks." For several years he had led a drive for summer jobs and contributions to provide more recreation facilities. Chasing around town recently dedicating four new outdoor pools and a newly lighted playground, he pointed out that in the past year D.C. outdoor pools increased from 8 to 13, lighted playgrounds from 18 to 101. He has promised special vice presidential certificates to kids who learn to swim this summer. In a new program to bring poor city kids to private pools, the first volunteer of a pool was Max Kampelman, Humphrey's onetime aide and now closest adviser. Humphrey helped rescue a Boy Scout camp on Chesapeake Bay which was closing down but will now supply camping for 1600 Washington kids. Big cartons of sneakers for the campers, donated by businessmen and unions, are sitting around in various vice-presidential offices.

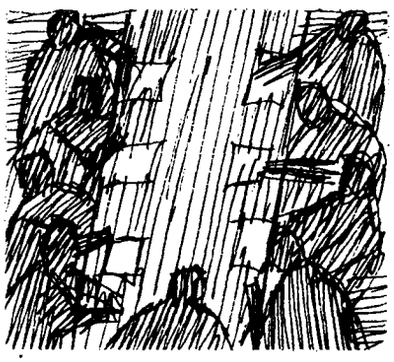
On the vote-getting front Humphrey spent a lot of time this year preaching peace and harmony in the many states where Democrats disenchanted with the national administration had become as thick as corsages at a DAR convention. Many local Democrats were also at each other's throats. (One state meeting of top Democrats seemed to represent 23 different factions.) His efforts reportedly were extremely successful, especially in such unlikely places as Texas and North Carolina. Many Texas Democrats, who live in deep fear over the presidential succession, expect that if anything happened to President Johnson, Humphrey would take them roaring down "the road to socialism." After a Humphrey meeting, one leading Dallas Democrat said, "I still don't like his politics—frankly, I'm not even sure of them right now—but there is one thing I am sure of. Mr. Humphrey is a responsible man even if he is a liberal."

Humphrey made no bones about his civil rights commitments, especially the desegregation guidelines, but he was sympathetic to local problems, denouncing "bureaucratic officiousness and rigidity" in the law enforcement. Humphrey's defense of administration social programs was judged equally successful. A North Carolina Democrat allowed as how, "Humphrey could sell tom cats to Mickey Mouse." Party harmony returned to such an extent that a recent meeting of the Democratic National Committe gave an enthusiastic endorsement to the Johnson-Humphrey ticket for 1968.

How will Humphrey make out as a vote-getter with the liberals? He certainly doesn't get much help from the press. When he is the target of Stanford anti-war demonstrations, or Paris anti-American demonstrations, the mass media cover them loud and clear. The public is well apprised that he is being called a murderer and assassin, and is considered by small groups here and there as a "stooge" for President Johnson's Vietnam policy. When he is denounced by the New Left and some of the Old Left ADAer's for "betraying" his liberal principles and knuckling under to President Johnson, this gets wide coverage, too.

But let Humphrey go way out in front of the administration as he did before the OECD Council in Paris or St. Thomas College in St. Paul and talk about "the gap between the affluent and the poor nations" which is "the primordial problem of our times." When he calls for doubling our foreign aid contributions, when he asserts that "we stand guilty" of tolerating "by limited exertion if not by inaction—inconceivable and growing disparities of wealth and destitution," he gets two inches somewhere in the New York *Times*.

How does the Vice President feel about critics who almost gleefully admit there is nothing they want so much as to see broken egg pouring down his face, or who would like to throw bags of blood at him because he backs the Vietnam war? At first it was a terribly hard



thing for such an open, optimistic man to take. He calls these New Leftists "false revolutionaries." He has become used to picket lines and disturbances. There are no Establishment heroes to the New Left, he feels, and he enjoys being a major part of the Establishment. He doesn't think he has "lost the liberals." He has learned to live, too, with his liberal ADA friends who feel he has "sold out" for Vietnam. He still works closely with many ADA friends such as Harvard government professor Samuel Beer and economist Robert Nathan, who agree with administration policies, and veteran Joseph Rauh, who disagrees. He is close to economist Walter Heller and many other academics who confer with him and contribute speech material.

Whether he is getting votes or being a scapegoat, a vice president's first job is just to stand by. It is to be educated in the highest post-graduate reaches of public affairs. Humphrey says people keep telling him to act less like the mayor of the District of Columbia, and more like the Vice President of the United States. But, he says, he likes to have some of the feeling of authority that even a mayor has.

Every President has some important effects on his frustrated stand-by. President Kennedy sent Vice President Johnson to 33 countries, gave him experience in international affairs which he needed. He also gave him an

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opportunity to get into civil rights work, where his image was somewhat invisible. He gave him the kind of style and class that kept him from having Texas barbecues in the White House front yard. He gave him a big push into "culture" and the arts.

Vice President Humphrey has no comparable deficiencies in these fields. He probably has the broadest range of interests and activities since Vice President Thomas Jefferson. He is interested in content and ideas, while Johnson is interested in maneuver and action. Yet one cannot expect in the nature of the arrangement that the image of a vice president will be too different from that of the president. What Johnson will probably do for Humphrey, if he takes time to make the effort, is to make him tougher, harder, steelier, to water down his unabashed, abiding optimism, to make him more tight-lipped (but almost everyone has given up on this last one). He will push him more into consensus-type operation, may even take him roaring down the middle of the road. He will try to make his liberalism acceptable to conservatives and his Vietnam "imperialism" acceptable to liberals. But a man like Hubert, whose eloquent toast reportedly brought tears to the eyes of President de Gaulle, is going to stand up well under the barrage.

Behind the violence in Newark

ANATOMY OF A RIOT

RALPH WHITEHEAD

After New Jersey's Governor Richard J. Hughes had withdrawn the National Guard and state police from Newark, as white storeowners slipped into the city's riot area to nail sheets of plywood over the gaping facades of their looted stores, as the police and fire departments readied honor funerals for fallen men, as the black poor buried 23 dead, Democratic Mayor Hugh Addonizio told the press that the battle was over: indeed, the guns were silent, bodies had been carried away, and black children skipped rope or played baseball on dried patches of blood.

The battle was over but the war continued. It was just beginning, for until hundreds of the city's Negroes suddenly found themselves joining an uprising in the streets, they hadn't known the truth about Newark's years-old conflict. Until they felt a night-stick crack across their forehead, or a bullet rip their flesh, or watched their wives and children herded into police vans like pigs, they had recognized neither their allies—nor their enemies.

During the post-war years, the political affairs of Newark's 410,000 citizens have been run by an old-line ethnic machine. Jewish, Irish and Italian votes have put together victories for the Democrats' "balanced ticket" and kept brothers-in-law on the city payroll.

Spry old Dennis Carey runs the Essex County Democratic organization, encompassing Newark and 21 suburban towns. As county leader, Carey commands a treasurehouse of patronage, a durable power base for any political boss. (Frank Hague may have become legend as the Jersey City mayor who was a law unto himself, but it was his leverage as the Hudson County Democratic leader that made him welcome at the White House dinner table.)

Carey backed Mayor Leo Carlin against then-Congressman Addonizio's 1962 challenge. Stubby Hugh Addonizio played third-string quarterback at Fordham during the heyday of the Seven Blocks of Granite and entered Congress in 1948, after a distinguished war record and two years in a clothing business owned by his Italian immigrant father. In 1962, he found an issue in Carlin's attempt at urban renewal—"Negro removal"—and beat the machine through overwhelming support from black voters.

Negroes had changed Newark's political realities. The black vote left the South after World War II and poured into Newark, lured by the city's economic boom. By 1950, 75,000 Negroes lived in the city, the number doubled by 1960 and the surge continued into the sixties.

But by then the city's economic peak was only a memory, for business had followed white men to the suburbs, and soon Newark's once-independent economy became New York City's satellite. The economic decline hit hardest the city's black people, settled among the rats and cracked plaster a few blocks from the corner of Broad and Market Streets, boasted by Newarkers in the 1940's as the world's busiest intersection.

Addonizio's 1962 campaign strategy installed the black man in the part of the Democratic machine run by the mayor. By then, it had become a political necessity, for Negroes could cast over one-third of the city's vote. But Addonizio welcomed Negroes to Newark politics as

RALPH WHITEHEAD, *a reporter for a Newark newspaper, was present during the Newark riots.*

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though black men formed just another ethnic minority, an immigrant wave rather from the South than Italy, Ireland, Austria or Russia. He made not only a sociological mistake, but a political error as well.

For by 1962 the Negro promised to leave behind his role as a minority eager to join a coalition of other minority groups. Black numbers already outdistanced the city's 150,000 Italians. Only time blocked an absolute Negro majority.

Also, the mayor seemed blind to the familiar differences made by the wide gap between European and slave backgrounds. The black families chopped apart on the slave auction block, the fears cut into black skins by whips, and later the handicaps prolonged by enforced poverty—these realities were lost on the Newark machine.

Among those blind to such differences were Negro machine leaders themselves. Treated by white political comrades as just another European ethnic minority, Negro cogs in the machine viewed themselves the same way. They adopted the accustomed conciliatory posture. But to ignore these differences in history and culture is not to destroy them. They remain, to cause differences in the demands made by the black man on the political resources of a city—or a nation.

Such demands by Newark Negroes bred a black politician of a different kind. George Richardson, for instance, a chunky man in his late thirties, was put into a black state assembly seat by Carey in 1961 and into a city hall do-nothing patronage job by Addonizio in '62.

But late in 1962 he broke with Carey. He wrote a bill to end de facto school segregation and voted against a measure to put impossible hurdles before independent candidates, a Carey bill.

Richardson introduced a bill to establish a state civilian review board. He also backed an effort by Newark civil rights leaders to create local police review. The mayor promised to back the plan, but scuttled it under pressure from the Patrolman's Benevolent Association. Richardson left Addonizio, and Carey cut the insurgent from the '63 state legislative ticket.

Richardson led the New Frontier Democrat ticket in the '63 race, challenging the two major parties for one state senate, nine assembly seats, and the county offices.

He ran for the senate against an Italian GOP candidate and an Irish Democrat named Matthews. To win Negro support for its Irish candidate, the Carey machine found a Negro who was also named Matthews, and then sent to the Central Ward a "Matthews for Senator" handbill carrying a photo of the *Negro* Matthews. But Richardson supporters quickly raked together the handbills and distributed them in the city's racially-biased Italian areas. The Italian North Ward, for instance, voted GOP for nearly the first time, to back their countryman for the state senate against black Matthews. The Republicans swept the county.

Democratic tactics showed the machine's eagerness to exploit the Negro's cultural deficiency in political skills. A black leader like Richardson, sharp enough to see a trap and even reverse it, was a rarity. And to many blacks, Richardson was suspect, too. The ghetto lacks community, largely because individual Negroes know they'll never make it in the white man's world if they slow their own progress by trying to raise their black brothers with them. White-imposed handicaps too often forced Newark's Central Ward into the politics of opportunism.

Addonizio was as eager as Carey to exploit Negro political naiveté. He faced a Negro engineer, Kenneth Gibson, in the 1966 mayor's race. One tactic to weaken Gibson's chances had nothing to do with political sophistication—someone blew up his campaign headquarters. But pro-Addonizio coercion was placed on Negroes a dozen ways. For instance, welfare clients learned from caseworkers that a Gibson vote would strike them from the aid rolls. Equally vulnerable, even if politically aware, were those on waiting lists for public housing or government jobs, despite illusions about civil service.

Varied tactics to cut down potential black voting strength have been used during the Addonizio administration. Fists are used as a weapon against insurgents, and the language of violence is an easy one for an oppressed and terrorized Negro to learn. And Addonizio discontinued Central Ward voter education, allowing blacks to register only as Democrats and under the eye of old-line machine Negroes.

Addonizio's regime launched a heavy campaign to buy off all potential insurgency, further exploiting the weak community bonds in Newark's slum. The slightest sign of influence used against the regime will put a Negro into a patronage job, an effective gag.

This tactic turned the local poverty program into a mockery, despite the $25 million drawn by the city. The money hasn't been used to solve problems, but merely to get people to shut up about them.

Moderate Central Ward clergy blame this tactic for encouraging what they consider pre-riot agitation. Already deserted or ignored by the black middle-class, untouched by federal millions, the poor black felt his desperation grow by watching the wholesale purchase of what leadership Negroes could generate themselves. Still hungry for leadership, the black poor floundered in a power vacuum, which was finally filled by men these clergy considered reckless.

Addonizio's attempt to bring the state medical school to the Central Ward revealed his effort to disarm Negro strength. Already declared for the 1969 governor's race, Addonizio could build support throughout northern Jersey by getting the school for Newark. Perhaps just as important was the school's ability to drive black voters from the 50-acre site amid the ghetto. It would drive some blacks from the city, disrupt voter-residency requirements for others, and let the ward boundaries be gerrymandered.

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Protests during hearings on site clearance, many blacks felt, had unmasked the mayor's regime. Black cynicism and despair deepened in the ghetto.

Another city hall maneuver during the weeks before the explosion pointed perhaps to a shift in the regime's strategy. The mayor tried to name city councilman-at-large James Callaghan to the school board's secretaryship at over $20,000 yearly. Negro leaders suggested the post for city budget director Wilbur Parker, an Ivy League M.A. and a CPA. Callaghan was a high school graduate.

Derek Winans of the Newark Community Union Project, a private project for social action, felt the move signaled the regime's shift to a straightforward racist policy. Winans, a *magna cum laude* Harvard graduate and 1960 chairman of Young Democrats for Stevenson, edited a Newark Negro weekly until the Addonizio regime bought the paper, fired him, and reduced his aggressive editorial policy to a slant about as militant as the New York *Times* obituary page.

Winans feels the mayor couldn't get Carey's backing for the governorship, forgot about the statehouse and concentrated on holding city hall in 1970. Known by whites as a "nigger lover" at a time when his Negro support was eroding, Addonizio apparently decided to run his next campaign on a racist line, so he launched a pitch for the white vote. This ended the ambivalence in the regime's attitude toward the black vote. Addonizio once was obliged to help Carey bring out as large a Newark Democratic vote as possible to buck the heavy suburban GOP vote. This meant flooding the polls with blacks every November, but keeping Negroes at home during the city elections every other May, lest they cast a ballot for someone like George Richardson or Kenneth Gibson.

Winans speculates the mayor would continue to stifle the Negro vote to keep some of it under his thumb. But where he once took a stand on the issues to woo autonomous black votes, he'd now write these off and lure the white voters by exploiting white backlash. He'd also solidify white support by taking care of men like Callaghan.

Another NCUP volunteer, Steve Block, a Williams graduate and former Newark teacher, feels the Callaghan controversy, although it ended by having the existing board secretary retain the job, still riled the city's middle-class Negroes. For the middle-class Negro was able to identify with Parker and share his rejection. But aside from its bow to white supremacy in the city, Block thinks the dispute had little impact on the poor black man, because for him the issue in Newark isn't one job, but 25,000.

A New 'Community'

After two years in the ghetto, Block also thinks the riots have created the chance for middle-class and poor blacks to develop a community. Poor Negroes in Newark had been cursed because they accepted and internalized years of white scorn. But five days beneath the bullets and clubs of the National Guard and police have cleared away centuries of psychological deposits. And equally vital has been the shift by the middle-class black Newarker. He once was eager to take the white man's rules and do well by them, earning himself a fashionable Short Hills home and a private school for his children.

But middle-class blacks discovered, during those five days on the streets of Newark, that only the color of a man's skin counted. Hundreds of black hands, once eager to shake Addonizio's and ready to pull voting machine levers for the machine ticket, were cuffed together and pressed against the fingerprinting blotter. Money, education or even a job on the city payroll—these were no protection against senseless and indiscriminate beating and shooting handed out by white occupation forces to all black men. Black was black during the riot, and white men aimed their guns and guided their clubs accordingly. Status and innocence defended no one.

Newark's ethnic machine finally proved to itself that the black man is unlike other minorities. His color sets him apart. The enormity of his problems, the extent of his suffering and oppression, turn today's era of race politics into a period of continued effort with no end in sight. Today the politics of the city are the politics of race. Racist politics, Newark has shown, is pathological, bringing out only hatred and spite for the diseased, rather than hope and action for a cure.

Things have changed in Newark. Poor blacks have felt power they've never experienced before, even though for an unfortunate handful it meant lurking on the rooftops with a high-powered carbine. Middle-class blacks felt pain and humiliation they thought they had left behind. These people are closer now than ever before.

During a city hall protest against the possible Callaghan appointment, one of Wilbur Parker's supporters told the school board: "We wanted jobs, but the white man said no, come back when you're qualified. Well, we're qualified now, and we're back."

The people will be back.

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THE BERLIN FILM FESTIVAL

THE SCREEN-I

I'm sure Bryan Forbes and his co-workers on "The Whisperers" didn't have Browning's "Grow old along with me" in mind when they made their fine film, but if ever a movie was a paean to old age it is "The Whisperers." Fresh back as I am from Germany and the Berlin Film Festival, I am still elated with the theme and good movie-making of this picture, which was shown at the Festival and is now opening in this country. I don't think my enthusiasm for this English movie is due to the mediocrity of so many other entries at the Festival or that too many of them were about young people and their problems. Artistically and thematically, "The Whisperers" can stand up with the best of any time and any country.

Its story—about 76-year-old Mrs. Ross, who lives in a grubby two-room flat in a grubby neighborhood in a large English industrial town, perhaps Manchester—is simple enough, as it relates the experiences of the shabby-genteel lady; but it is a fascinating story, not only because the things that happen to this plucky old dame shouldn't happen to a dog, but more because of her reactions to adversity and her ability to rise above trouble, pain and sorrow. The film makes clear that loneliness is one of the biggest problems of the elderly, particularly for a woman like this whose husband deserted her years ago, whose son is a bum, and whose neighbors think she is a little dotty—as well they might, what with voices she's always hearing, voices that scare her somewhat but also comfort her a little in her loneliness.

Michael S. Laughlin and Ronald Shedlo have given "The Whisperers" a first-rate production, with a good cast and Gerry Turpin's effective black-and-white photography of the smoky-gray city that is just right for the grim-heroic story. Bryan Forbes, who wrote the engrossing script from Robert Nicolson's novel, gave the film its excellent direction. It's always hard to tell who should have most credit for a film performance, the director or actor. In any case, Dame Edith Evans gives the performance of the year as Mrs. Ross. She is superb as she glows with dignity in spite of her misfortunes. She is a lady in spite of her holey shoes; she believes and makes you believe her stories of the great house from which she came. And when she finds her son's 800 stolen pounds, she is convinced it is a legacy. Her best friend is the man (Gerald Sim) at the National Assistance Board who realizes that the elderly poor need more than financial aid. She retains her dignity even when a scheming woman (Avis Bunnage) gets her drunk and robs her. And she keeps her cool when her mean husband (Eric Portman) comes back, lives with her for a while, and then walks out on "the poor old bitch." Edith Evans' portrait of a valiant old

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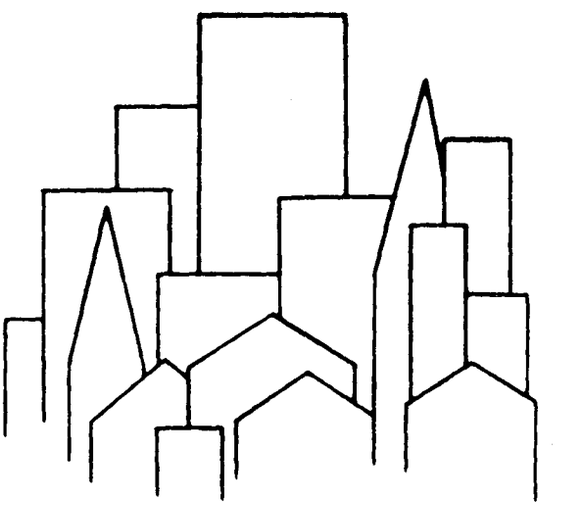

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lady is unforgettable; and "The Whisperers" is not only a paean to old age but also a hymn to the survival of the human spirit.

I was proud at the closing day of the Berlin Film Festival, where I served on the jury with the International Catholic Film Office, that the O.C.I.C. gave its award to "The Whisperers." The Protestant group divided theirs between "The Old Man and the Child," a sentimental French film in which Michel Simon gave a moving performance about an anti-Semite who cares for a little Jewish boy during the war, and "Here Is Your Life," a realistic Swedish film about a young man discovering life and love. The Festival's main International Jury gave their top prize, the Golden Bear, to a Belgian comedy, "The Start," well-directed by Polish Jerzy Skolimowski and relating a thin though amusing story about a young fellow who's obsessed with automobiles and racing; and they gave their Silver Bears for best performances to Dame Edith Evans and Michel Simon.

While I don't want to be disparaging in any way to the officials of the Berlin Film Festival, who were exceedingly hospitable and gracious in every way (not only in the Festival but also in showing us their attractive city), I don't understand why they chose some of the entries and especially why they had so many about young people. No doubt youth is in now—but enough is enough. The second English movie (I'd been told it was to be "The Family Way" and was greatly disappointed when it wasn't) turned out to be "The Penthouse," in which two young men terrorize a married man and his mistress. The second Swedish movie, "Life Is Just Great," was a wacky affair about youngsters following the pattern of "The Knack" but ending in tragedy. "Paranoia," a Netherlands entry, tells the story of a lad so far off his rocker that he finally kills his girl, his landlord, and himself. From Greece came "The Face of Medusa," which attempted with a great deal of fleshy display to retell the old legend. And one of Germany's items was "Tattooing," well-directed by Johannes Schaaf and relating the sad tale of a teenager who kills the mean-spirited man who adopts him.

The other German film, "Every Year Again," was a fascinating dissection of a 40-ish man who won't assume responsibility and grow up; it reminded me of "The Bachelor Party" with its cynical view of childish males. Among the other items worthy of Festival consideration were the second Netherlands contribution, "Illusion Is a Gangster Maiden," the second and third French entries, "The Wall" and "La Collectionneuse" (for which there is really no English translation). And among the films that I would nominate as those that should have stayed home were: Italy's "Man with the Whistle in His Nose," Argentina's "Terrible Night," and Norway's "Liv." To that list should be added the USA movie which opened the Festival: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad." How that film happened to be chosen I'll never know. Americans were redeemed somewhat by

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the closing item: "The Flim-Flam Man," which I shall review when it is shown here—as I shall with some of the items mentioned above. In spite of the bad pictures, I think I still like Festivals, and I look forward to New York's Festival, to be held in September. In any case, I still think the best by far at Berlin was "The Whisperers."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL

THE SCREEN-II

One of the heresies being spread by the national magazines and newspapers is that America is surging with a vibrant and profound pop culture. According to *Life*, *Look*, *Newsweek* and even aunty New York *Times*, every new rock group deserves a ten-page color spread, the LSD artists are the most significant forces in painting since Giotto and Cézanne, and the recent underground, student and independent films portend a revolution in movie-making.

Would this were true! A Golden Age, even of pop culture, is always welcome, and a good film, contrary to popular belief, is more interesting to write about than a bad one. Unfortunately, most of the panagyric is pure distilled flack. It's sometimes forgotten that rock-and-roll performers have publicists, artists have agents—and film-makers have the Film-Makers' Co-op, the Underground's needle-marked distributing arm. The Co-op is headed by Jonas Mekas, the lizardly Ho Chi Minh of the movement, whose literary style seems based equally on the Bhagavad-Gita and an old Republic Pictures press release. The effect of all the pulpy hyperbole is twofold: the movie-goers expect to see something brilliant every time an 8-mm. film comes on (which they don't), and the artists are encouraged to think they're making brilliant films (which they're not).

After a few evenings of independent American films, the filmgoer, if a streak of masochism or a newspaper assignment makes him go at all, learns to approach such films with that most typical critical attitude, guarded pessimism. He goes to a series such as the Ann Arbor Film Festival (shown recently at The New School in New York, after a cross-country tour) hoping, not for artistic brilliance, but for technical competence. Sadly, most film-makers, posing in the fashionable "romantic anarchist" manner, attempted to catch the former by forsaking the latter. They ended up with neither, and the audience was left similarly empty-handed. After 12 hours of screening 56 films, the Festival viewer's final feeling had to be, not so much exhaustion, or even boredom (it's comforting to note that, after ten hours or so of watching bad films, one can spot—one lunges for—a good one), as a keen and righteous disappointment in the inexcusably but typically low quality of most of the films.

The most perverse aspect of this disappointment is in the realization that the majority of independent film-makers are desperately dependent on trends in the disparaged world of "commercial" film (as well as film commercials). Everyone (Bergman, Fellini—that crowd) seems to be relying more on visual techniques and less on social statement. So the films at the Festival—and at most other Underground gatherings—disregarded any social (and, for good measure, any human) element. Film historian William Everson, one of eight put-upon film notables who saw the films and picked their favorites, said at the award screening that followed the moviethon, "I saw many bodies but few people." Other instances of plagiarism were in choices of subject matter, background music and technique. Sight unseen, the ingredients of many of the films could be listed: idealistic attacks on the Vietnam police action in the film-maker's script, rock-and-roll on his sound track, and acid in his head. (Three different films, as an example, were inspired by a single Beatles song.) It's maddening that so many experimental films should be so predictable!

Inevitably, there were a few films whose creators actually had some visual and thematic ideas of their own and executed them with some skill: six out of 56, by one count. Peter Mays' "Death of a Gorilla," though perhaps ten minutes too long (a real problem, since the film runs only 16 minutes), demonstrated much *élan* and visual wit. Wit, with the welcome addition of grace, marked James Whitman's "Lapis," a beautiful, at times stunning, kaleidoscopic elaboration. W. M. Hindle, who contributed three good films to the Festival, executed a finely-wrought study of several San Francisco churches in "NON Catholicam." Walter Ungerer's "Meet Me, Jesus" was the most successful "experimental" film shown; choosing for his themes nothing less than birth-death and the corruption of knowledge, Ungerer turned what could have been portentous or preachy into a funny and finally moving experience. Herbert Kosower took a nineteenth century cameo portrait and reshaped it hundreds of ways into a delightful film called "The Face"; it was a blessedly short three minutes, making Kosower one of the few film-makers represented who really knows how to edit. The last film shown, Lawrence Booth's "The Banquet," was a winning delineation of the sane and simple life fashioned on a beautiful island by a few families of refugees from civilization who seem to have successfully combined Rousseau and Crusoe.

These were all, in part or whole, excellent films, original and well-made. But shown together they would run about an hour—and out of 12 hours of viewing, in a freezing auditorium, with a second-rate projector that broke down several times an hour, on a wobbly screen, with poor sound equipment (factors which, incidentally, are so characteristic of student and independent film

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showings that one never knows whether the film has gone out-of-focus because of the director's artistic decision or because the projectionist has fallen asleep), the percentage is pitifully small.

Most Underground film-makers enjoy belittling "commercial" directors, a category that includes Godard, Antonioni and Polanski, the three most imitated stylists at the Festival. Yet, while the independent film artist is photographing the Drag Ball or a blank wall, Hollywood's young directors are attacking controversial subjects in novel ways, and Mad Ave's TV commercials demonstrate an impressive, sometimes exuberant control of film technique. Creators of such work, flawed by commercial considerations though they may be, are at least attempting to provide the critical answer to a question that must be applied to any work of art: "Why?" Too often, the independent film-maker's answer is "Why not?"

RICHARD CORLISS

BOOKS

What hath Roth got?

When She Was Good

PHILIP ROTH

Random House, $5.95

JONATHAN BAUMBACH

Philip Roth's new novel is a restrained horror story about the Puritan ethic, which owns part of us all, regardless of race, religion or creed. Dealing exclusively with white, anglo-saxon, midwestern America, a somewhat alien landscape for the author of *Goodbye Columbus* and *Letting Go, When She Was Good* is a surprising tour de force, an accomplishment comparable, say, to Zero Mostel doing an extended imitation of Jimmy Stewart.

Roth's heroine, Lucy Nelson, takes on herself the burden of setting things right. The early part of the novel deals with the career of her grandfather (called—get it—"Daddy" Will), in whose house she grows up, her family supported and destroyed by Will's good intentions. Lucy's involvement with her father, which Roth handles with especially nice perception, is at the center of the novel. She is provoked—her mother too attached to her own father to be wife to her husband—to act in her mother's place, to become a kind of surrogate wife to her father. It is Lucy who calls the police when her father, in a drunken rage, hurts her mother. It is Lucy who, on another occasion, bolts the door against her father, locking him out of the house. The burden devolves on Lucy because the others refuse to act on their feelings. She acts *for* her mother, *for* her grandfather, confusing their desires with her own.

Lucy marries a man who is to some extent—perhaps more in the way she sees him than the way he is—like her father. She tries to do for her weak-willed husband, Roy Bassart, what she was unable to do for her father—make a good, hard-working man out of him, as if such a thing were in her power. She tries to be "good." Madness and tragedy result.

The novel, like the world it describes, is without texture. Roth is a marvelous mimic, which is perhaps his undoing here as a novelist. One can hear Daddy Will saying to Lucy, "You are just a schoolchild, and, maybe, just maybe, you know, you don't know the whole story of life yet. You may think you do but I happen to think different, and who I am is your grandfather whose house this is." Or Roy thinking: "She was small and had dark bangs and for a short girl she had a terrific figure (which you couldn't say was the case with Beverly Collison whom in his bitterness Roy had come to characterize, and not unjustly, as 'flat as a board.'") Roth catches the rhythms of his characters' speech, the precise gestures that identify them for us. But not, I feel, what makes them human. The conception of the novel is much more compelling than the dull fact of its experience.

When She was Good is a willful accomplishment, a good cause, a triumph of persistence and professional skill over imagination. It is the most successful technically and the least rich in texture of Roth's longer fiction. The horror the novel delineates, which also, incidentally, informs the paradox of our monstrous good intentions in Vietnam, is likely not to be noticed, not to be experienced, by the very readers who will admire the novel most, who will weep soap opera tears at poor Lucy's tragedy. Brave in its ambitions, Roth's novel is too cautious and conventional in its form. I kept wanting the novel to get away from its author, to violate at least for a moment the logic imposed on it from without. I prefer the rich unevenness of *Letting Go*, a book undervalued because it failed. *When She Was Good* succeeds without life.

Containment and Change

CARL OGLESBY & RICHARD SHAULL

Macmillan, $5.95

DENNIS HALE

Americans have frequently been enamored of revolution, first against monarchists in the Old World, and now against colonialists in the Third. From our safety we have watched first this revolt and then that, clucked over excesses, offered theories, smuggled guns, exhorted one another to involvement in the affairs of some far-off land, cheered,

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scolded, and then forgotten the whole business. For they were never our own revolutions, they were others'. Eventually, the best of mercenaries loses interest.

Now America rules the world and it is no longer a game. It may be perverse, but it is nonetheless true, to say that no event anywhere in the world is irrelevant to the American "interest," however it is defined at the moment. And just when our passion seems at its lowest ebb, we are confronted with the most serious revolt of all.

This is the "revolution" now proceeding fitfully in the Third World, which Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull tell us it is our real interest to support. It is the purpose of their book to suggest why we are not doing so. Oglesby finds the answer in the malevolent influence of American business, and its ally, "corporate liberalism." He has done an impressive amount of homework, and his case histories are enough to make the most tolerant man wince. The involvement of foreign policy advisors with major Dominican sugar companies is disquieting, to put it graciously. "We say . . . that good men can be divided from their compassion by the institutional system that inherits us all." So says Oglesby, and amen to that. But surely this is not all of it. Surely the revolution is thwarted by something more complicated than greed. Surely the conflict of our age is more edifying than greedy businessmen *vs.* starving peasants.

One would like to think so, but Oglesby's argument is most convincing just before it becomes most preposterous. Just when we suspect him of falling for the Devil Theory of History, he shows us what the Devil looks like, where he was on this or that day, what he did, who he saw, who he bribed, and what was the result.

That all of this chicanery has occurred simultaneously with the "modernization" of the Third World should lay aside once and for all a favorite myth of our age (invented, it must be said, by revolutionaries): that economic development equals social reform. The eradication of illiteracy may require buildings to house pupils; the construction of lumber mills will not eradicate illiteracy. "Economic progress," the sacred cow of the West, testifies to our growing preoccupation with technique and our common ignorance of politics. The result has been governments run by robber-barons and thieves, men whose appreciation of steel mills is rather greater than their concern for poverty.

For Oglesby the issue is clear: since American aid produced these men, that aid must be stopped; American power must withdraw behind American frontiers; and the United States must stop being a World Power.

This is a desperate argument, and it would be annoying were it not so easy to share in the despair. The problem is that American wealth and power cannot *cease being an influence* in the world; it is there for all to see, and since the poor are not going to come steal it from us, we are going to have to give it away or watch them starve. Third World governments of whatever kind must make their deals with the affluent West or watch their hopes for a new society die an ugly death.

America, of course, is not the only rich nation; there remains the dim hope that Russia and Europe will rise from their torpor long enough to notice the rest of the world, but if Cuba and Algeria are any examples, that day is a long way off. In the meantime, as Richard Shaull's essay argues, the only hope is to revolutionize the West itself, to make of it a trustworthy partner in the reconstruction of the world.

Unfortunately, Shaull—whose experience in Latin America is extensive—has no clear notion of what "revolution" might mean in an American setting. It helps to remember on occasion that it involves slitting throats, something that Shaull does not advocate. And while the substance of his "revolution" is thus largely "reform," the style is all machete, machine gun, and haggard banditos slushing through the rain forest. He seems to feel at one with the guerrilla without really knowing him. For example, he includes the "new left" in that company of soldiers that also includes Ché Guevara, a thought that would certainly amuse Dr. Castro.

The more common pattern goes something like this: the CIA gives money to NSA, which gives it to SNCC; SNCC begins scaring moderates, who then give more money to NSA to encourage "responsible" student politics. Or like this: S.D.S. alienates the League for Industrial Democracy by its stand on Communism; L.I.D. cuts off funds; S.D.S. then goes to the United Auto Workers and gets enough money to start community organizing projects in Chicago and Newark, which remain the only successful radical projects in the nation. It's a small world, and if the poor must await the reconstruction of America, we will have to find shrewder revolutionaries than Mr. Shaull.

By-Line: Ernest Hemingway

EDIT. WILLIAM WHITE

Scribners, $8.95

DAVID CORT

Ernest Hemingway's suicide inevitably led to melancholy re-evaluations of his character and purport. His friends (e.g., his last wife) might have hesitated therefore over publication of so much of his weaker output as we find here. Yet Mary Welch Hemingway is the sponsor, and beneficiary. A certain hardness of heart to which Hemingway frankly aspired, in vain, but which he seems to have recognized in his last wife, must be inferred.

Yet to the young writer there may be great advantage in seeing the bare bones of Hemingway's progress exposed. All his aphorisms about writing may be of less benefit than his early blunders with the language. The first pieces are bleakly hack. For example, "Shouting and cheering the train crawled along the mountain, climbing up towards the top of the world. . . . Everybody piled out. . . . Ranges of mountains stretching off in every direction." This must comfort any tyro, but the man himself would not have liked giving such comfort. This publication will be an added income-producer for the Hemingway estate but how unfortunate

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if its effect is to depreciate all the other estate assets (except *The Sun Also Rises* and some stories), should it reveal too much about the great man.

As we progress, he is gaining confidence. He gets savage about the Swiss, the Germans, the French, the Paris Bohemians from Greenwich Village, the Genoese Communists. His eyes are beginning to clear. The ominous nobody is beginning to see what he is looking at. In this progress the young writer can learn what he must do, or die. The eyes must clear. Hemingway began to look at doctrinaire men, and saw only the men, and the doctrines somehow withered. He began to discover the magic of honesty, which he long later exchanged for the easier magic of bluff.

Always he is asking the question: where is the action? There are two ways of approaching this question. Some men's egos tell them that the action is where they are; others tell them they must go elsewhere to find it. There are too many clues here that Hemingway was of the second kind. His life tends to confirm this observation. One friend was Toots Shor, whatever one may think of the estimable Toots. Hemingway collected activist friends, who debased him. Without this book one might not have seen it so clearly.

But what do you expect from the editor, a William White, "an authority in the field of journalism," author of "more than 700 articles in American and foreign periodicals" (he counted them). Hemingway's opinion of him will not be available. His opinion of Hemingway, like that of some reviewers of this book, is absolutely indiscriminate, alas!

In Hemingway's first phase (1920-24) writing for a Toronto paper, still the nobody from Michigan, he is increasingly the connoisseur of where the action is. From a barber college and trout streams, he advances to the German inflation, pre-Ataturk Constantinople, Mussolini in white spats and black shirt (he picks D'Annunzio to overthrow him), the Lausanne Conference, Spanish bulls.

These are what the hero of *The Sun Also Rises* was so busy about in his Paris room.

Suddenly it is 1933-36, and now it is the Big Man, the one who can do no wrong, writing for *Esquire*, sort of as a favor. After more hunting and fishing, he calls the date of World War II as "not next August nor next September [1936]. . . . But the year after that or the year after that they fight." Pretty good. Then come the reports on the Spanish Civil War, mostly brief. Here he predicts the war for the summer of 1939. Still better.

And then the war comes and he is unexpectedly in China in June, 1941, writing for the lamented PM. He predicts that Japan will attack south against the British and perhaps the Americans, but he is still pinning this on a German conquest of Britain, a Hitler fantasy that had never been very real and was by then totally obsolete. He gives very high marks to Chiang's army of 300 divisions and three Communists, and says Chinese plane pilots are no good. He correctly judges that Stalin, giving the major aid to Chiang, is contemptuous of the Chinese Communists. (So everybody was wrong.) He gives sound economic reasons for a U.S.-Japanese war—rubber, quinine, tungsten, antimony, etc.

All very fine, but the reader is inevitably waiting for his word on the big event of June, 1941, Hitler's invasion of Russia, which made everything said before fairly irrelevant. One turns the page, and the next date is 1944, and the American invasion of Nazi France, during which lapse the world had turned entirely around. As journalism, these accounts of the heavily armed American tourists in Europe seemed to me the best of all. Here all the parts of Hemingway's various talents came together.

In the last section, chiefly concerned with his two African plane crashes and his worldwide obituaries, they fell apart. His youthful admiration for the sound of "tearing silk" reappears. Here we find the talents reduced to an elephantine irony, coyly understated boasting and a tendency to write in code, covering private jokes.

And yet, in the present state of the printing press, there is plenty here to reward any reader, with the reservations noted.

Towards a Contemporary Christianity

BRIAN WICKER

Notre Dame, $5

DAVID B. BURRELL

Brian Wicker represents the new brand of Christian intellectual in England, as much at home in politics and political action as he is in philosophy and literature. His earlier book, *Culture and Liturgy*, promised an extremely fertile approach to issues Christian and contemporary. But his multiple talents have been summoned to a far clearer focus in this work, published last year in England as *Culture and Theology*. His thesis is at once penetrating and straightforward, and is argued with sensitivity and competence. He uses labels in an outright persuasive manner, but the analysis underpinning them is substantial. If this summer's theology students could be persuaded to work through Wicker as they dived into Cox in 1965 the results should be both more refreshing and more lasting.

Perhaps a brief contrast with *The Secular City* would help ease us into Wicker's proposals. Many of us who revisited the secular city after Cox's whirlwind tour, began to question our own good judgment, wondering how we could have been persuaded of such an easy congruence with the Kingdom. (Cox himself was reportedly bewildered at his sudden prophetic prominence.) Those who did not need a second look were initially put off by the highly selective character of the tour as well as the hasty celebration of what we saw. Wicker succeeds in explaining much of the initial enthusiasm surrounding Cox's venture as well as exposing why a return is so unsatisfying.

For the "secularizer" is accurate in his orientation: "it is just here, in the humanized world that man has to find himself. Hence, to assert . . . that his true salvation lies elsewhere is, at this deepest level, sheer irresponsibility." But the secularizer provides no base for the individual adult commitment he urges. Without an identifiable community of worship and of doctrine, the secu-

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larizer is bereft of the insight to discriminate and the guidance to direct the world in which he finds himself. Faced with multiple possibilities for humanization, he has no specific tools for coming to grips with them as a Christian. Without identifying it as such, Wicker has focused on an acknowledged weakness of Protestant Christianity: the lack of a theology of the Church.

The more typically Catholic counterpart of the secularizer Wicker dubs a "modernizer." He begins with a community—one "which pre-exists him, into which he is incorporated, which he does not constitute by his own deliberate, conscious commitment." But his limitations lie precisely here, as the mirror image of his strength. For his perspective is all too often caught up within this established community. There is so much in need of repair here that he concentrates his energies on institutional reform, scarcely aware of the needs and potential of the larger human community of which he is a part. He is often so preoccupied that he does not even face the world, much less worry about how to grapple with it. Furthermore, he lacks the distance for discriminating what is to be junked and what retained, steeled as he is to the value of a community of doctrine and worship.

Wicker offers a third position which proposes to do justice to both communities—sacred and secular—by laying bare the origins of man's condition as an inquiring subject, striving to discover the meaning of his own rooted existence as well as to achieve his own personal goals. The accent on origins and rootedness evokes the title "radical." This may strike one as an over-persuasive label for Wicker's own position, but the entire book is devoted to working the revolution in outlook necessary to penetrate beyond the present alternatives of secularizer or modernizer.

As Wicker describes it, the revolution must be carried out in philosophical territory. The "common sense" of the Anglo-Saxon world is anchored in a philosophical outlook, the empiricism of Locke and Hume. Appropriate enough for the practical man, this philosophy assures him that "everything is what it is and nothing else." The knower is the unbiased spectator who "calls 'em as he sees 'em." Individuals communicate by conventions they establish and form societies when they need to. Man's energies can be released for utility and progress since he need not be detained by vain speculation. There are no questions for reflection since everything is given just as it is.

So long as the medieval capital could be dispensed under the coin of "nature, reason and truth," this common sense view met the needs. But when asked to support the currency of human exchange on its own, incapacity for reflection amounted to bankruptcy. Who am I? What is this self? How am I related to others? What of my own origins? When classical empiricism cannot handle these queries of man into himself and his situation, it reveals its own infirmity.

Yet empiricism infects our commonsense outlook, and even colors discussion about mind or spirit, should we have reason for holding on to them. Hence a major effort, a radical effort, will be required simply to understand where it is we stand. The models Wicker offers all turn on a style of thinking quite opposed to just "seeing for yourself." Each demands a reflection aimed at discovering the multiple ways we are *already* situated. Each turns what is merely given for common sense into an object of inquiry. Each aims to probe for our roots; understanding which, we may properly begin to plan our destination. But anything short of such radical understanding can only issue in *ad hoc* manipulation or a short-termed reaction to the immediate past.

Wicker's models are Merleau-Ponty, Wittgenstein and Marx. The first calls attention to man's rootedness in time and space, to our embodied selves. The second insinuates and recalls the extent to which each individual is already part of a community, for the tool of communal living is identical with that of self-knowledge: a shared language. Finally, Marx forces us to realize that our participation in community is not only a given but an activity. We are, consciously or no, transforming our natural ambient and shaping the world to come.

Man is no longer—dare no longer conceive himself as—unbiased spectator or even individual reformer. We are, each of us, so situated as to share in a common activity whose direction we can influence but whose reality we can neither overlook nor simply take for granted. And interestingly enough, the reflective posture which allows us to break through the *prima facie* world of no-nonsense empiricism reveals and asks for a *participation* not unlike the mentality exhibited in primitive religious awareness. There will be vast differences in content, of course, but the form is strikingly similar.

And of course it should be, for each of these philosophers revives a question that leads naturally to the question of our origins. The advantage of our secular, post-Christendom times is that these questions can no longer be relegated to an established "religious" corner. Indeed, "just at the moment when the 'sacred' as a special realm within human experience has begun to collapse, it is now possible to see that, so far from having been eliminated altogether, the sacred is now open to us in our very experience of the human community itself." For while each of the thinkers Wicker invokes are personally uncomfortable or even hostile to the religious question, the style of reflection they demand raises those very questions anew.

Where does all this lead? In many and fruitful directions. Wicker himself offers an analysis of George Eliot and Dickens, Orwell and Golding, to show how his thesis can illuminate modern and contemporary literary efforts to lay bare man's situation. And it challenges Christians—secularizers and modernizers—to burrow down to our own roots, to discover where we now stand, and on the basis of this understanding, to forge a new idiom for making sense of who we are. If we do so, we will find that humanism demands a gratuity to which it cannot lay claim; that "the Christian is simply a humanist who has learnt to trust the ground on which he stands." And that trust must be cultivated in a community of creed and cult.

As my remarks exhibit, much remains obscure in Wicker's analysis, many an

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insight is left dangling. But what is vague is also fraught with promise, and the insights open out to a renewed understanding of ourselves. Well beyond liberal/conservative bickerings, the mode of understanding he initiates provides a basis for building a future with the best of our past.

La Vida

OSCAR LEWIS

Random House, $10

ARCADI NEBOLSINE

The title of Oscar Lewis' work is significant: La Vida, or "life." The book is, then, supposed to be "about life," about experience—raw and crude, often physiological. . . . Oscar Lewis shared a common feeling that the truth "stinks," that it is found at the bottom of the drain. His characters punctuate their recitals with the refrain "this is life" and through an accumulation of detail, we are supposed to learn about the basic facts of the Puerto Rican "culture of poverty."

Oscar Lewis is a trained sociologist who claims, with the assistance of a formidable technical apparatus, to be simply supplying the materials for study. But he also assumes a humanistic and literary role. He has organized and shaped his material on the basis of certain moral-aesthetic values. He is able to write about the family he describes in the following manner: "I am impressed by their fortitude, vitality, resilience and ability to cope with problems. . . . It takes a great deal of staying power to live in their harsh and brutalizing environment. They are a tough people, but they have their own sense of dignity and morality and they are capable of kindness, generosity and compassion."

Clearly it is possible then to judge the book on a humanistic basis. What in fact does it teach us about the values of life? The answer is, not very much. The Rios family breed, and fight with razor blades and go to New York to amass comforts. They have no inner life, no spiritual questionings, no ideals which could occasion tensions and conflicts. Consequently, there is no drama, no tragic possibilities. Their intellectual content is meager. The air is small and dry. . . .

For this, Oscar Lewis, whatever his human material, has to take the responsibility. The fault is in his method that emphasizes the physical and physiological aspects of life. Life is more complex and richer than *La Vida*. The whoring and wrangling-in-slums struggle with aspirations and ideals. Lewis, by limiting himself to "the view from below," confined his subject and his human material to intellectual provincialism.

Since he seems to have studied the methods of the realistic novel, it is fair to say that the greatest of such novels show how to *accommodate the ideal*. *Don Quixote*, for instance, allows for the reality, not of Dulcinea or the nonsenses of chivalry, but of the knight's longing and will to believe. His faith is as real as the *gross* realities that surround him. The novel is real, as Dostoyevsky would say, in the "highest" as in the "lowest" sense.

La Vida, like the latest novels of James Jones and Gore Vidal, displays an ignorance of this truth. Oscar Lewis' defenders could take here a sociological tack and say that one cannot talk of the ideals of great novels until people have been supplied with water-closets and jobs. But, as has been seen, Lewis himself talks of "dignity" and "generosity"—qualities that some would consider "ideal." Ideals and values must exist—at least as a program, a task. As such they do in a *Don Quixote* but not in this sociological novel. Therefore *La Vida* has limitations which are not adequate even to describing the "culture of poverty."

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 483)

fect that reports from Sweden, which has liberal abortion laws, indicate a sharp rise in 'mental anguish' for those mothers who underwent abortion stands in direct conflict with the actual findings of M. Ekblad ("Induced Abortion on Psychiatric Grounds," Stockholm: Acta. Psychiat. et Neurol. Scandinav. Supp. 99, 1955), and K. Malmfors ("The Problem of Women Seeking Abortion," cited on page 46 of Edwin M. Schur's, *Crime Without Victims*, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1965). Both investigators found that where abortions are performed legally and in hospitals and where public attitudes towards abortion are non-punitive (the Scandinavian countries, for the most part), there were no serious adverse psychic consequences. Schur, in his excellent book, cites a follow-up study on 479 women in Sweden who had undergone therapeutic abortions for psychiatric reasons. Two to three years after the operation, 75 percent of the women had felt no self-reproach; and in only 1 percent was self-reproach so severe that working capacity (hence, the ability to function), was impaired. Even here, there were factors extraneous to the abortion itself which contributed to the debilitating reaction to the operation.

Another survey of eighty-four women aborted in the Stockholm area, found that thirty-nine of them declared that they were perfectly happy and satisfied at having had the abortion and forty-five were not completely happy about it. Four women were embarrassed and distressed and did not like to talk about it; nine were conscious of repressing guilt

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feelings and ten of the women suffered impairment of mental health. A similar study done in Norway on eighty-eight legally aborted women disclosed only two cases in which the women showed unambiguously negative reactions to the operation. (Schur, page 43).

It is clear then, that recent sociological studies of the actual psychological reactions of women who have undergone an abortion do not indicate a universal and inevitable impairment of personality or of mental functioning. On the contrary, psychological reactions to abortion are, if anything, as varied and as unpredictable as the individual personalities and 'psychic make-ups' of the women who have undergone it. . . .

GAIL R. LEVINE

Cardinal Eulogized

St. Louis

To the Editors: John Deedy's words upon the death of Cardinal Ritter were sensitive and appropriate . . . but we would question the presumption underlying Mr. Deedy's disappointment with the last year or two of the Cardinal's life.

In the last session of the Council, Cardinal Ritter gave three spoken interventions and submitted dozens of written interventions, including a controversial call for the condemnation of the stockpiling of nuclear weapons (recently reprinted in *The St. Louis Review*). . . . He was the first Bishop to establish a Commission on Human Rights, and the first to adopt "Project Equality". . . . In September, 1965 he became the first American Ordinary to announce a "Little Council." He re-formed the Clergy Conference Commission to better reflect the recommendations of "The Life and Ministry of Priests" and . . . was among the first bishops to establish a Council of Priests and appointed 22 clergy, religious and lay people to make up one of the few functioning Pastoral Commissions in the world to help make Archdiocesan policy decision. He requested nominations from the Pastoral Commission for priests to be named to the Episcopate. He established a "Tithing for the Poor" program, asking all the parishes of the Archdiocese to tithe of their total incomes for the benefit of poorer parishes—a plan that is already channeling more than $300,000 annually into poor neighborhoods. He celebrated the first vernacular Mass in the country and insisted that every parish in the Archdiocese use every one of the permissions for restored liturgy as soon as they became operative. All of these accomplishments have been achieved in what have been described as the declining years of Cardinal Ritter. . . .

(VERY REV.) JOSEPH BAKER
(REV.) EDWARD J. O'DONNELL

And, Alas, Vietnam

To the Editors: The June 30 *Commonweal* carried a letter claiming that "the reasoning that leads to the assertion that the war in Vietnam is immoral . . . involves simplification," and objecting that "the latter line of reasoning" does not adequately cope with "the complexity of the situation." The letter writer substantiated neither statement and vitiated both assertions with simplifications of his own.

As a premise for his first conclusion, Maher stated that "any war in which X number of noncombatants is killed is immoral and must be repudiated." I do not know a single dove or hawk who would buy this premise: it's the *percentage* of civilians killed in a war that bears upon its morality, not the absolute *number*. For Maher's information, 5 percent of World War I dead, 48 percent of World War II dead, and 84 percent of Korean War dead, were civilians (figures quoted from Tom Stonier's *Nuclear Disaster*). From this progression, I'll let him figure the percentage for Vietnam. . . .

ED HOFFMAN

Greenwich, Conn.

To the Editors: The articles discussing civil disobedience against the Vietnam war (July 14) leave the reader wondering if you are aware that there is another side to the question. . . .

After all, Cardinal Spellman's approval of something doesn't automatically make it wrong!

WILLIAM T. GALEY, III

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